

Scarlet Fever Discovered Near Camp---Griff Worried---Billy Martin Hurt

GRIFFITH IS WORRIED LEST PLAYERS MAY BE STRICKEN

Presence of Scarlet Fever in Dormitory Near Camp Griff Gives Manager Cause for Much Worry.

Two Newspaper Men Live in Same House and Mingle Freely With Players Who Are in Training.

By LOUIS A. DOUGHER.
CHARLOTTEVILLE, Va., March 12.—A scarlet fever flurry has hit the camp of the Griffins, and Manager Griffith is worrying lest some of his high priced athletes be stricken. A case of scarlet fever has been discovered in a students' lodging house close to the Griffins' headquarters. To make matters worse two of the war correspondents' party are living in the house and mingling with the players freely.

According to the official health officer the case is mild and completely isolated. He has informed the twenty students residing in the house that they are in no danger, and to remain where they are. This is poor consolation for Manager Griffith, though, and he has told the correspondents to shift their quarters if they care to retain their places at the training table, and to come and go among the players.

"I have a lot of youngsters down here who have never had this disease," said Manager Griffith today, "and I cannot afford to take any chances of having them get it. So I have told the two men living in that house to quit it if they want to belong to the camp."

As a result of Griffith's warning, both men have gone on a still hunt after new quarters.

Among the regulars there is little apprehension, but the younger rookies are more or less nervous at the thought of contracting scarlet fever while far from home.

JENNINGS BELIEVES BAKER WON'T QUIT

Red Topped Leader Is of Opinion That Trappe Farmer Is Plain Hold-Out.

GULFPORT, Miss., March 12.—Manager Hugh Jennings is of the opinion that Frank Baker has about as much intention of quitting baseball as he himself has. Which is not much of a boast for Baker's sake, but for Jennings' it is going to be a hard nut to crack. Baker is going to beat out Jim McHugh's thirty-year record, if the fates are kind to him. Jennings didn't have anything particularly new to add to the mass of comment that has followed the announcement of the home run person's retirement, but he is about the only major league manager to express anything but an exuberant opinion on the subject, and what he says can be accepted as the loyal baseball man's point of view in the matter.

"Frank Baker has no more intention of retiring from baseball than I have," said Jennings. "He signed himself to a long contract last year, and he is going to live up to it. He is going to play for me for at least part of the year. He may send Rondeau, Massey, and Brown into the infield. The kids are wild to get into the fray, instead of watching the game from the cold, cold concrete. This is particularly true of the pitchers. All the rookies think they can wind the collegians around their fingers."

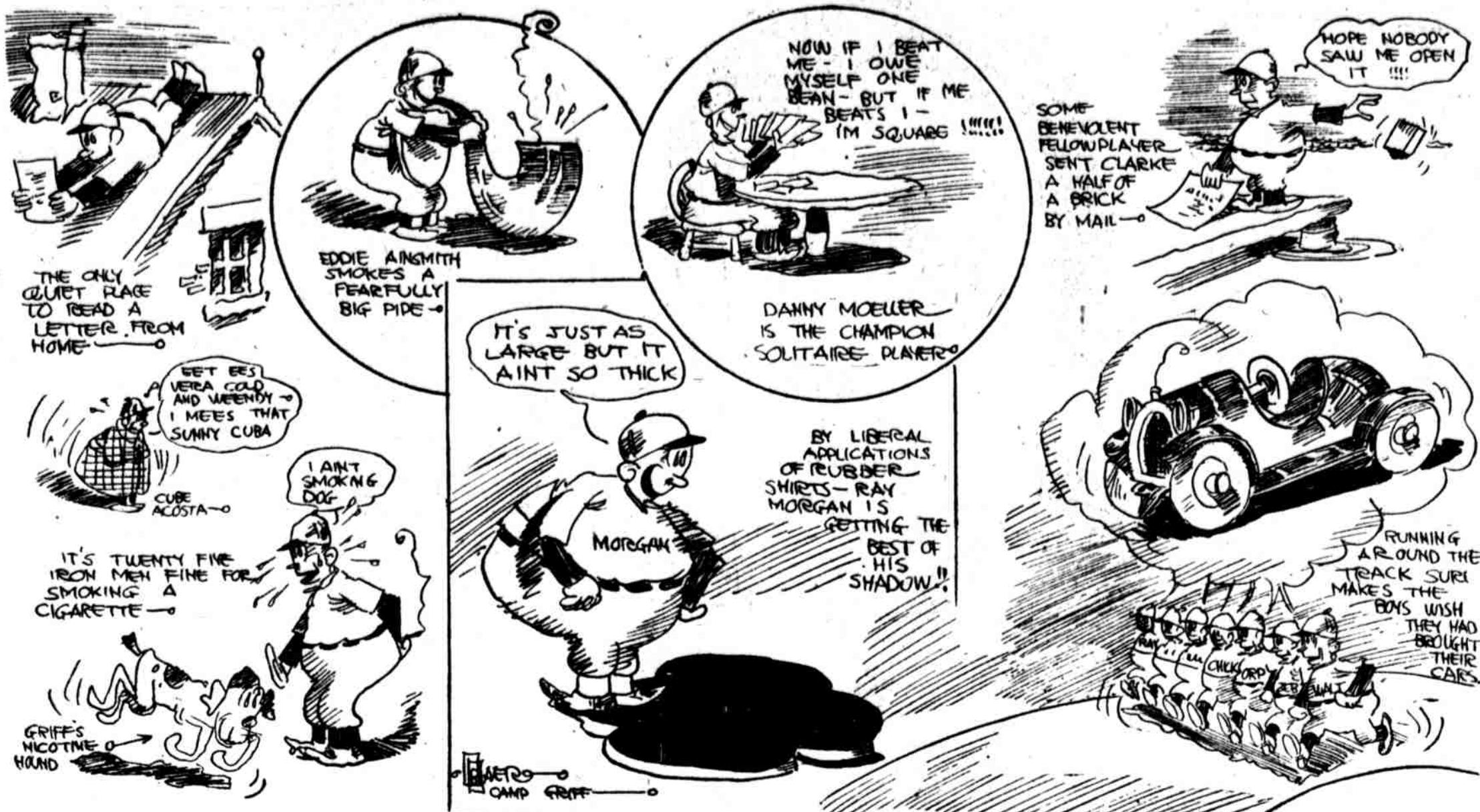
It is expected that when the Griffins tackle the Virginia varsity in the closing practice game here, Walter Johnson will be on the mound for a few seasons. Walter is very popular here, and the day he works the stadium will very likely have a goodly throng in it.

Zeb Milan and Eddie Foster are somewhat better today. Milan's stomach was upset yesterday from something he ate, while Foster is suffering from a heavy cold. Neither donned a uniform in the afternoon. A physician was summoned for Milan prescribing for him some medicine that was effective, though not pleasant.

An epidemic of hard colds has hit the athletes. Almost every other lad in camp is afflicted, while M. Ferdinand Martin can hardly make himself heard, so bad is his cold. The Old Fox is not in the best of shape, either, a victim of the cold wind that sweeps the field, but he refuses to quit, for fear of the bad example he might give his aspiring athletes.

"Chappy" Galt, the well-known Washington fan, blew into camp yesterday in time to catch upon the roving athletes at their daily toil. "Chappy" opines that Washington is going to have a real live ball club this season, and has already wired for a box seat for the opening game. During the evening "Chap-

THIS HAS NOTHING AT ALL TO DO WITH WINNING THE PENNANT



Griff's Pitchers Ought To Be Ready for Season

Those Expected to Do the Work Are Progressing Rapidly Toward Perfect Condition for Hard Work—Old Fox Is Not Worrying About Moundsmen Being in Shape.

By LOUIS A. DOUGHER.

CHARLOTTEVILLE, Va., March 12.—The Griffins' hurlers are going to be in apple pie condition by the time the team opens the 1915 campaign. Already Booth Hopper, Joe Engel, Jim Shaw, Harry Harper, Joe Bentley, and Doc Ayres have progressed far along the road to real season shape, while Walter Johnson exhibited excellent form in yesterday's drill against the batsmen.

"My pitchers are not worrying me so much," says the Old Fox, discussing his chances for the pennant. "They are going along nicely and I am not worrying at all about them. It is too early to talk about some of the kids, but I do not hesitate to say that I like the looks of Booth Hopper. In the first place he is built right, along the lines of all great pitchers. He is loose in his movements, and when in the box, works as if he knew something."

"Joe Engel showed to good advantage yesterday and so did Jack Bentley. Those two kids did not exert themselves, thereby showing good sense. I know something about them, anyway. Thormahlen has all the movements of a promising youngster, but it is yet too early to tell much about him."

As Griffith says, the pitchers are progressing to his entire satisfaction. Harry Harper's fielding weakness is still to be eradicated before he will be able to hold his own in the big show, but the Hackenschack hurler is laboring long and hard daily to overcome his drawbacks in this direction. Joe Engel's control is good for this time of the year, and his speed was never greater. The Spring Hill kid is right there with the smoke stuff.

Tomorrow the Griffins will tackle the Virginia varsity team again, and it is possible that the Old Fox will yield to the demands of his rookies and use some of them for at least part of the game. He may send Rondeau, Massey, and Brown into the infield. The kids are wild to get into the fray, instead of watching the game from the cold, cold concrete. This is particularly true of the pitchers. All the rookies think they can wind the collegians around their fingers."

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Leisure Hours at Camp Griff

By "BUGS" BAER.

Often the humble and contrite proletariat, whose only contributions to baseball are the puny and futile jitneys and thin dimes which support the famous institution, and without which, the whole shebang would collapse, wonders how the famous prima donnas of the diamond relax and rehabilitate their delicate constitutions after their strenuous endeavors on the field. After a careful compilation of records, which took almost five minutes to collect, we will toss the white glare of publicity upon the frailties and weaknesses of Griff's highly strung bevy of over-throw chasers.

First, we'll pick on Walter Johnson. When Walter isn't hopping back and forth between we'uns and the Feds, he endeavors to make three aces do the work of four.

Then, Eddie Ainsmith, whose hobby is muscles, spends his time developing those of his teeth, so as to be able to hang onto a huge pipe, which presumably burns rubber boots or soft coal. Eddie also spends twenty-five hours each day writing letters home.

Connie Mack's infield, popularly supposed to possess the most intrinsic value of any infield in either league, pales into anaemic insignificance in comparison with Griff's. \$5,000,000,000 worth of playing infield. Foster, McBride, Morgan and Gandil are the finest playing wharf in the league, and it is very rarely that a tramp is booted or an ace popped up in the air.

While we're in that rut, let's annoy the outfield. Shanks, Milan and Moeller, which constitutes our outfield except on those days when Griff wakes up with the dyspepsia, being newsweds, naturally spend their spare minutes listening for the letter carrier's footstep, which is a precarious occupation, as the letter carrier here wears rubber boots and the roads are soft.

Zeb Milan is also a raconteur of no mean merit, and some of his fish stories are too wonderful to describe. In fact, they can only be described as fish stories.

"Cuba" Acosta, who sometimes plays left, center or right, when one of the other outfielders has carelessly delivered his baschit too early in the week, has lots of hobbies, but "Cuba's" chief diversion is catching cold.

Then we have Joe Boehling and the rest of Griff's sterling staff of pyrotechnics. The Richmond lad hates to lead a book, even to his friends, and therefore spends his leisure seconds reading Browning or George Bernard Shaw. Joe knows that nobody would be foolish enough to borrow books like those.

Jim Shaw's specialty is noise and chocolate milk shakes.

Jack Bentley's is the chocolate milk shakes without the noise.

Ray Morgan, Chick Gandil and George McBride are also demon bowlers and rick sages scores nightly, with the aid of the pinboys who sure do admire big leaguers.

Joe Engel is also a bookworm. His favorite author is the man who wrote the telephone book.

Harper, apparently, doesn't possess

Boxers Get More Money Than Players

PHILADELPHIA, March 12.—Philadelphia's fight promoters are having a fine time. Harry Edward's has matched Kid Williams and Johnny Kilbane for March 17, giving them \$5,000. Jack McGuigan, peevish over losing this bout, yesterday arranged for five star scraps to be staged the same night.

McGuigan's card will be Soldier Bartfield vs. Tommy Coleman, George Chaney vs. Eddie Morgan, Joe Borrell vs. Tommy Howell, Charley White vs. Sam Robideau and Young Ahearn vs. Jimmy Clabby.

Williams and Kilbane have it all over baseball players when it comes to making money. When these champions meet here each lad will receive \$5,000 as his share. Allowing that the fight goes the regulation six rounds of three minutes each, each fighter will receive \$205.55 for every minute's work in the ring. Each round will net them \$916.67. They will get more than \$5 each time the watch ticks. In baseball a year's contract calling for \$5,000 is considered very good.

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MARTIN COMES HERE WITH BROKEN ANKLE

Former Georgetown Star Athlete Suffers Injury in Practice With Braves.

MACON, Ga., March 12.—"Billy" Martin, former Georgetown University athlete, and a member of the Boston Braves, is suffering from a broken ankle which is expected to keep him out of the game for half the season. Martin will be taken to Washington, his home, as soon as arrangements can be made to have him travel.

Martin broke his ankle late yesterday afternoon in practice with the Mercer University team. The Braves had defeated the collegians 11 to 2, and Martin lingered after the contest to get some notes. Uncle Sam's Postoffice Department shouldn't be run at a loss this month.

The new aggregation of rookies seem to be unanimous on one point, and that's sleeping. They also spend quite a little of their leisure minutes eating. Between eats they manage to squeeze in a few more eats, thus completing the cycle of the twenty-four hours.

Jack Ryan's pet diversion is casino, and Jack is a wolf at that game. He not only keeps a complete diary in his skull of the cards that have been played, but he also knows the ones that haven't been played, and the ones that are about to be played. Jack's effectiveness at casino isn't impaired in the slightest by the fact that he had a nail knocked off his big toe by a wild pitch last summer at National Park.

We've about run the gamut of the lads in camp here, the only remaining one being Mike Martin. Mike doesn't seem to have any particular hobby, except boasting about his farm at Cherrydale. Mike tells some weird yarns about that farm, and all the boys would rather believe him than hunt for proof.

That's about all—that is, except Griff. But he hasn't got any leisure hours. Or minutes either.

Or even seconds. Can't be any busier than that.

Havana Bout To Be Staged in Morning

HAVANA, March 11.—The date of the Jack Johnson-Jess Willard bout, which was set for Saturday, April 3, was officially changed today to Sunday, April 4. On account of the warm weather it was decided to have the men in the ring at 10:45, with strict instructions to be ready to toe the mark at 11 o'clock sharp.

Jack Johnson finally has got down to serious business. He spent all of today visiting different places that would be suitable training quarters. He still has plenty of weight to take off and by Monday he will be in the full swing of a training grind.

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WIND THREATENS TO BLOW GRIFFS AWAY

Old Fox Insists Piebes and Regulars Must Play Two Games Today, Though.

By LOUIS A. DOUGHER.
CHARLOTTEVILLE, Va., March 12.—Two more practice games between Griff's regulars and Uncle Nick Ak-rock's Piebes are carded for today, even if the Arctic wind does keep blowing. The Old Fox insists that wind won't prevent his youthful athletes from showing their speed on Lambeth field and that he will continue to send them into battle just as long as the sun shines and they won't absolutely freeze to death while waiting their turn at bat.

"This is the best kind of practice for my players," explains the Old Fox. "They take more interest in their work and I don't have to drive them. Being ball players, they all like to play ball. I'm not kicking about the weather. It suits me. When I open the exhibit the victory for the regulars, my team ready. That's a manager ever has to worry about."

The regulars celebrated two victories yesterday over the Piebes. Seven Ak-rock has dubbed his gang of rookies. The morning game, as yesterday's Times showed you, was a 5 to 2 win for the regulars. The afternoon game, as yesterday's Times showed you, was a 5 to 2 win for the regulars. The morning game, as yesterday's Times showed you, was a 5 to 2 win for the regulars. The afternoon game, as yesterday's Times showed you, was a 5 to 2 win for the regulars.

The regulars grabbed the afternoon victory by slugging Ayers when hits counted for the most. At that, the Richmond sawbones didn't break his neck, relying almost wholly on his speed, and only now and then yanking his underhand delivery. Bert Gallia was saluted with a couple of blows when he followed Ayers to the slab. Being ball players, they all like to play ball. I'm not kicking about the weather. It suits me. When I open the exhibit the victory for the regulars, my team ready. That's a manager ever has to worry about."

For three frames the afternoon battle was nip and tuck, neither side gaining anything, but in the fourth the regulars got busy with Doc Ayers' seaside delivery and snatched away a couple of runs. Acosta gunned, and the regulars hot drive and then Gandil scored a long one over Rondeau's dome, scoring Bentley. The big first baseman reached second on the drive to the wall. Morgan followed with another double to right, scoring Gandil. Ayers caught Morgan napping and the little fat man came down to his death. Lamar whiffed on wide ones, McBride walked, and Ainsmith closed the inning when Rondeau shoestrung his slam to left.

Both sides put a run across in the fifth. Some one left the gate open in right for Jim Shaw's wallop and he reached third. He scurried over the dish when Henry's toss to third went to left.

Rippp Williams cracked a safety to left for the Piebes, only to be forced by Bill Brown, the Texas sinner. A passed ball put Brown on second, and where he tallied when Gallia singled sharply to right. Shortly after that came the onslaught of the collegians, seeking room to practice, and the battle ended to let everybody run home to eat.

Plan New League.

LIMA, Ohio, March 12.—It became known here today that negotiations are progressing looking to the formation of another baseball league to be composed of eight Ohio cities.

Deduction.

"Now, Dorothy," said the teacher to a small pupil, "can you tell me what a panther is?" "Yes, sir," replied Dorothy. "A panther is a man that snatches pants." —Chicago News.

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